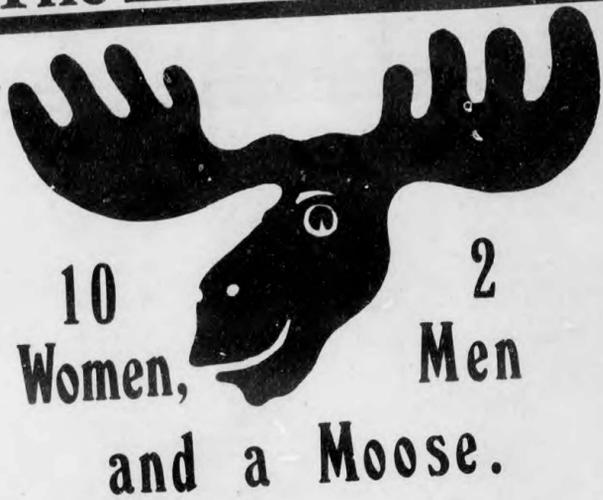


# The Inside



By JOHN LUMSDEN

Well, it had to happen. After reading several rave reviews of this play, while it played my home town, Toronto, then more laudatory epics in a pamphlet sent to the Bruns before I saw the play, I was disappointed. The show is invariably described in terms of Mia Anderson's wit, charm, sparkle, her ability to captivate or devastate her audience at will. But last Monday night, that "special magic" simply wasn't there. And professional integrity aside, there was no reason why it really had to be there, playing a one night stand with an established bit, which frankly, no matter how scathing a review the Telegraph Journal or Gleaner gave it, couldn't put much of a dent in it's reputation.

The play is more of a revue, with Mia Anderson, portraying works of her favorite Canadian poets and authors, largely women, with one taped insert on the care and breeding of moose-calls, which sounds just bad, and serious enough to be straight off CBC radio. A good deal of the play was poetry, some of it in a slipstick almost Vaudevillian style. The second half was one long prose section, interlaced with 3 shorter selections.

Don't get me wrong. There was no denying the technical excellence of Mia Anderson's performance, nor the quality of the material selected. But for sheer enjoyment, you might as well stay home and watch the hockey game.

## Kenny Rogers in New Brunswick

By LORNA PITCHER

Mickey Jones, Drummer of Kenny Rogers and the First Edition, said he feels "college kids are the only folks to work for". The group was in town Monday night for two performances at the George St. Junior High School, and I hear it was a real hot show. (in both senses).

Jones said talking about college makes him feel old. "I was in college (in Dallas), way back in 1959", he grinned. "I'm thirty-three and Kenny's thirty-five."

The group was in Moncton last week and Mickey said it was "fantastic, a real gas. You couldn't ask for a better audience." He said their tour is going very well, and that "New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are some of the prettiest country we've ever seen."

The First Edition has finished filming their CTV "Rollin'" program and has done a "Midnight Special". They plan to take a year off from T.V., then perhaps do another series.

Their latest single, "Lena Lookie", is in the top 10 in most centers in the States and is currently 15 on the local charts. Their latest album is "Rollin'", taken from the show's sound track. Another album, recorded but not yet released is tentatively titled "Monumental", and Mickey promises it will be super.

Put a BRUNS in your milkshake



art

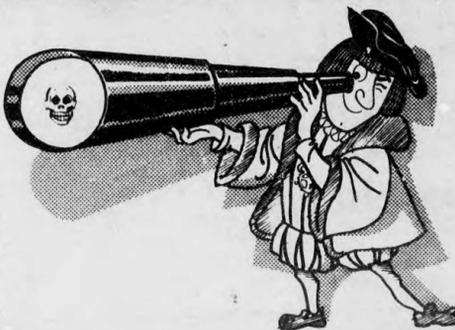
## BARTLETT PRINTS

By ALAN ANNAND

William H. Bartlett (1809-54) was an English landscape artist who, in 1838, undertook a tour of the Canadian colonies from the Maritimes to Toronto. When he returned to England later that same year he took back with him what was at that time the most varied portfolio of Canadian landscapes. An artist schooled in the Romantic landscape tradition epitomized by Joseph Turner, Bartlett did succeed in "anglicizing" the Canadian landscape to a certain extent. His drawings, although accurate in depiction, have a medieval English mood about them. However, Bartlett's vision of Canada was widely disseminated in England and the Canadas by means of prints made

from the original drawings and thereby played an important role in arousing in Canadians an aesthetic interest in their own surroundings.

A National Art Gallery Exhibit of thirty-three Bartlett prints is presently on display in Memorial Hall. The prints are small and monochromatic but display a wealth of detail. The representations range from Indian camps and secluded waterfalls to the young cities of Halifax and Quebec. Supplementing the National Art Gallery exhibit is a small collection of ten Bartlett prints on loan from Professor and Mrs. Ed Mullaly. These prints, touched up with watercolours, depict the Fredericton and Saint John areas of 1838.



## film THE EMIGRANTS

By JEFF DAVIES

Movie-goers who look upon the Swedish film industry as purveyors of filth will jump for joy at this one. The Emigrants contains about as much sexual activity (or any other kind) as Bambi.

The acting is good enough and the story is certainly plausible, but for the most part, The Emigrants is a little light on entertainment value.

It's a rather tiresome tale of a group of peasant folk from 19th century Sweden who leave that country for the glitter of the USA. The first part of the film consists mainly in the principal characters lumbering around the farmyard, pausing periodically to administer a blow or a curse to the head of an adversary, and mumbling to each other in a language which sounds suspiciously like English. This latter point does, of course, make it easier for the English viewer to follow, but when our heroes arrive in America and we find they are able to speak better English among themselves than to the Americans,

the credibility gap begins to grow, especially since the very ethnicity of these people is one of the key elements.

In between Sweden and the USA, there is, of course, the voyage across the Atlantic. This segment of the film accounts for most of the thrills which it does provide.

And there are certainly some original kinks. Liv Ullman, the expectant heroine, does some most convincing hemorrhaging, and there's some equally convincing-looking vomit dripping down the interior of the ship during a bout of heavy seasickness.

But most convincing of all is the occasion on which one of the principals, having observed those dripping walls, decides to take a breath of fresh air but gets only as far as the steps before barfing his own guts out. The oohs and ahs emanating from the audience during these sequences increases their effectiveness immeasurably.

Unfortunately, there is little else to look upon for interest in The Emigrants.

On a couple of occasions on

which some real drama could have been developed, we are left waiting in mid-air. For example, when the passengers board the ship there is talk of overcrowding and of families being separated; yet neither of these angles is pursued. And there is the inadequate food — no milk or potatoes — and the lice. But for all of this, the passengers emerge at the end of the journey looking remarkably fit and healthy. And speaking English better than ever (except, of course, when they actually try speaking to Englishmen).

We are again cut off just before the arrival in America. No sooner has land been sighted than the boat has in fact landed. Pretty soon we're back where we were at the start — with more of that lumbering around, cursing, and mumbling.

When the picture reaches its merciful conclusion, we are told that a sequel is forthcoming concerning the exploits of the Emigrants (or by now, I suppose, the Immigrants) in the USA. I'm staying home.

